PEN AND INKLINGS

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Pen and Inklings by Oliver Herford

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BY

OLIVER HERFORD

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Acknowledgment is made to the editors of "Life," and to Messra. Harper Broa.

Seeph Colour Carkey Featon 6-18-1954



ONCE Cupid, he
Went on a spree
And made a peck of trouble,
"Ah ha!" cried he
"Two hearts I see!"
Alack the rogue saw double.

There was but one;
What has he done?
How could he be so stupid?
Into one heart
Two arrows dart—
O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

In truth 'tis sweet When "two hearts beat As one"—but what to do When in one beart Two arrows smart And one heart beats as two?





De Knygbte-mare.

A POST-MORT-D'ARTHURIAN LEGEND.

Y E log burns low, ye feaste is donne,
Twelve knyghtes of ye Table Rounde
Slyde down fromme ye benches, one by one.
And snore upon ye ground.

Ye log to a dimme blue flame has died, When ye doore of ye banquet halle Is opened wide, and in there glyde Twelve spectral Hagges ande Talle.

Ye log burns dimme, and eke more dimme, Loud groans each knyghtlie gueste, As ye ghoste of his grandmother, gaunt and grimme, Sitts on each knyghte bys cheste.

> Ye log in pieces twaine doth falle, Ye daye beginnes to breake, Twelve ghostlie grandmothers glyde from ye halle, And ye twelve goode knyghtes awake.

Ande ever whenne Mynce Pye was placed On ye table frome thatte daye, Ye Twelve knyghtes crossed themselves in haste Ande looked ye other waye.

A fable.

T was a hungry pussy cat
Upon Thanksgiving morn,
And she watched a thankful little mouse
That are an ear of corn.

"If I eat that thankful little mouse, How thankful he should be, When he has made a meal himself, To make a meal for me!

"Then, with his thanks for having fed And his thanks for feeding me— With all his thankfulness inside— How thankful I shall be!"

Thus "mewsed" the hungry pussy cat Upon Thanksgiving Day. But the little mouse had overheard, And declined (with thanks) to stay. 25 6.

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Eleanor Demuon from Asaph Hall Jr.